

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. X.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, 1877.

NO. 3.

Lumber and Hardware.

LINDLEY & KEMP,

DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE,

AND

Agricultural Implements,

OPPOSITE NATIONAL HOTEL,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

Hardware Department.

Iron and Steel, Horse and Mule Shoes, Horse Nails, Blacksmith Supplies, Chain Traces, Hames, Trunks, Nails, Spikes, Locks, Hinges, Bolts, Files, Chisels, Levels, Planes, Bevels, Wrenches, Picks, Mattocks, Hubs, Rims, Spokes, Shafts, Long and Short Arms, Clips, Springs, Enamelled Cloth, Gun Canvas, &c. A complete stock of TOOLS and Supplies for Carpenters, Builders, Masons, Saddlers, Shoemakers and others, with many household-furnishing articles. We invite the public to call and examine our prices.

Paints, Oils, Turpentine, Glass and Putty,

CHEAPEST AND BEST.

Cucumber Wood Pumps.

Agricultural Department.
FARMER'S FURNISH, Heckendorn, Wile, Concave and Moore PLOWS; Plow Castings, Grindstones, Pumps, Scales, Corn Shellers, Churns, Shovels, Forks, Spades, Hoas and Rakes.

No trouble to show goods. [mar 18]

Lumber and Hardware.

G. E. HUKILL

Successor to

J. B. FENIMORE & CO.,

Opposite the R. R. Depot,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Lumber, Hardware, and General Building Material, Sash, Doors, Shutters, Blinds, and Mouldings, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Putty, Bricks, Building Lime, Hair, Etc. Constantly on hand.

—ALSO—
AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT,
TOWN AND COUNTRY PAINT,
(Ready-Mixed.)

"Batchley's" Celebrated Cucumber Wood Pumps and everything in the building line. Having made arrangements with large wholesale dealers, I shall be prepared to furnish large bills of Lumber for buildings, such as I may not have in stock, direct from wholesale dealers, thereby securing the lowest prices possible to be obtained.

Give me a call, and get my prices, before purchasing elsewhere. Feb 5-ly

HARD TIMES

WOULD SOON BE OVER
If everybody would buy and sell on a SMALL CASH PROFIT and thoroughly look up the market on one or two selected articles and

REDUCE THE PRICES
As R. M. & W. T. Johnson have done

ON BOOTS, SHOES & HATS,
In MIDDLETOWN and SMYRNA,

where you can get the genuine Kip Boot, full top 10-inch leg, for \$3.75. An 18 inch full top or Russel Top Wax Kip, which is generally sold and taken as the best and wears first-rate, for \$3.50. 10 inch Wax Boots from \$2.50 to \$3. Boys' and Youth's Boots in proportion. We sell nothing but solid leather goods and guarantee them against rip or burst until next spring.

Messrs. GUERREUX and HONNABACK will repair for us in a neat and prompt manner.

Reciprocity Shirt!

ALL MADE,
WITH EXCEPTION OF THE BUTTON HOLES
Made of Wamsutta Muslin and 2100 Heavy Linen!

We feel confident that we are giving intrinsically

THE CHEAPEST, BEST MADE and BEST FITTING SHIRT
THAT HAS EVER BEEN OFFERED FOR \$1.25.

The RECIPROCITY SHIRT is superior to most of shirts, first-class, (so-called) for the following reasons:
Our Collar Bands are Linen, and are Three Ply.

Our Cuffs are Linen, and are Three Ply.

Our Back Facings are both upper and under, made wide, giving Strength and Finish. To the people that have been accustomed to buy materials for shirts, and have them made up at home, we particularly call to their notice our Reciprocity Shirt. All made but the button holes, and only \$1.25 each, at

J. P. DOUGHTEN'S,
No. 410 Market Street.
LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Middletown and vicinity that he is prepared with excellent horse, cart and wagon, to do all kinds of hauling at lower rates than can be obtained elsewhere. Coal and Lumber hauled at short notice. Send of all kinds on hand at low rates. All orders will receive prompt attention. Give me a call.
JOHN W. HAYES,
Successor to L. G. Vandegrift,
aug 19-6m MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Select Poetry.

ZACHARIAH.

A FIT COMPANION FOR THE "HEATHEN CHINESE."

Which is why I remark—
And I say what I mean—
That for ways that are dark
And tricks that are keen,
Old Zachary, he is peculiar,
Which the same is plain to be seen.

Old Zach is his name,
But I shall not deny
That instead of the same
Old Nick might imply
His instincts malicious the better;
Which the same is plain to be seen.

'Twas November the eighth,
And the votes had been cast;
Sam Tilden and me
Thought we had 'em at last;
Yet Zach played a trick upon Samuel
And me in a way not surpassed.

Which we had a small game,
And Old Zach took a hand,
It was such—the same
He did well understand—
So he smiled as he sat at the table
And winked at the canvassing band.

Then he swore a great oath
That the thing couldn't be,
And he clinched his fists both,
And said, "Listen to me:
We are ruined by fraudulent ballots—
We must have a fair counting, you see."

In the scene that ensued
They did all take a hand;
The boxes were opened,
The ballots were scanned,
And doctored to suit the occasion,
The which they did well understand.

In the box, which was strong,
There were duplicate packs,
Which the figures were altered,
To alter the facts;
And if increase of ballots were needed
They smuggled them in through the cracks.

Thus the cards were all stacked
And my feelings were shocked
At the tricks of the knave,
Which he played with intent to deceive
And, perhaps, in the end to ensnare.

But the game that was played,
It was fearful to see,
And the way they did cheat
Beat the "Heathen Chinese";
Till at last they put down for R. H.
Which the same had been dealt to S. T.

Which is how they count in,
And a President chose;
"Heads"—Ruthy shall win—
"Tails"—Sammy shall lose;
Which the same they are free to maintain
With the troops they are ready to use.

Which is why I remark—
And I say what I mean—
That for ways that are dark
And tricks that are keen,
Old Zach and his "peeps" are peculiar,
Which the same is plain to be seen.

Select Story.

The Masked Burglars.

"If you please, gentlemen, your autn's up stairs."

It was a frosty November evening, the western sky as red as the leaves that jeweled all the grass, when Howard Mott and his brother Richard, returning from an all-day's hunting expedition, were greeted by the maid-of-all-work with the explosively uttered sentence that heads our story. Within the wood fire was shining brightly on the old fashioned stone hearth; candles glittered like yellow stars on the well-spread supper table, and an appetizing odor of broiled chicken, coffee and waffles impregnated the air. Without, the dead leaves rustled under foot, an owl in the distant woods called mournfully to his mate, and crickets and katydids clamored noisily.

Howard dropped his gun and looked at his brother. Richard returned the glance with a stony stare.

"Aunt Popplethorpe!" cried the former.

"Oh, mine enemy, hast thou found me out?" theatrically spouted Richard.

"Come by the noon train," breathlessly uttered the servant, "with a sight of trunks and baggage, and a shower-bath and a poodle dog! Which if I am expected to wash and curl that poodle dog's hair every day, gents, I must respectfully give warning, as I never was used to dogs, and—"

"Don't fret, Pamela," said Richard Mott. "You shan't be asked to wait upon any other puppines than those you are already in charge of. Now let me pass. Come on Howard—it's as well to face the music at once."

At the head of the stairs Aunt Popplethorpe met her nephews with manifold hugs and kisses. She was a tall woman, with a figure like a pump, large, light blue eyes, and a stoop in her shoulders.

"Well, boys, I dare say I have surprised you," said Aunt Popplethorpe.

"Well, yes, you have," admitted Richard.

"A little," added Howard. "You see, Aunt Popplethorpe, when Dick and I came here to get out of the way of the busy world, and dodge society in general—"

"Oh, exactly," said Aunt Popplethorpe beamingly. "But, you see, I'm neither one thing or the other. I'm just one of yourselves, and as the doctor said I needed change and country air, I resolved to come to see you. The young woman down in the kitchen seems capable enough, but of course you need some sort of a head to your household, and I don't grudge taking any amount of care and responsibility for the sake of my sister's sons. I've had my things moved into a big front room up stairs, and—"

"Much obliged, I'm sure," said Howard Mott, with an indescribable grimace, while his brother uttered a creaking groan.

"I can only stay until spring—"

added Aunt Popplethorpe.

"Is that all?" said Howard

"On account of having promised to spend the summer with my married daughter in Chillicothe. But it is a good while to spring."

"Indeed it is," said Richard, feelingly.

"And in the meantime, we can all enjoy ourselves together," said Aunt Popplethorpe, with a beaming countenance.

That was the beginning of it. And the end was that Aunt Popplethorpe, not being used to country houses, open wood fires, and the atmosphere of forests, fell ill of rheumatic fever, and didn't recover at all. That is to say, after a certain number of weeks spent in bed, she concluded to stay there altogether, although with no perceptible diminution in appetite or good spirits.

"Don't be annoyed, boys," said Aunt Popplethorpe, "but Dr. Drake thinks I've lost the use of my limbs."

"Dr. Drake is an old humbug!" impetuously broke out Howard Mott, who was beginning to regard Aunt Popplethorpe as a kind of nuisance.

"I beg your pardon," said Aunt Popplethorpe, "he is a very scientific man, who thoroughly comprehends the principles of pathology. However, I'm not one to repine against the will of Providence."

"But I am!" muttered Richard, under his breath. "Between Dr. Drake and Aunt Popplethorpe, I am rapidly becoming a fit candidate for the lunatic asylum. What shall we do, Howard?"

He added, as they went out on the piazza. "Shall we commit suicide, or shall we emigrate to Australia?"

"Don't let's do either in a hurry," said Howard. "Look here, Dick, Aunt Popplethorpe's ailments are one-half Dr. Drake, and the other half imagination."

"I don't doubt it—but how does that help our case?"

Howard laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "I am not an M. D., Dick," said he; "but I believe I can cure our venerated relative."

"How?"

"I'll tell you how."

Aunt Popplethorpe had lain in bed nine weeks without putting a foot to the floor. June had come with its roses and dew, and one dark, starless night Howard announced his intention of going over to the neighboring town with his brother.

"And leave me alone?" cried Aunt Popplethorpe—for the seventh time since Pamela had just given warning and departed with bundle and bandbox, for the nearest intelligence office.

Howard laughed. "You're not afraid of ghosts, are you, Aunt Popplethorpe? The only thing that can harm you are masked burglars—and we'll be sure to be home by ten o'clock. By the way, Dick," turning to his brother, "did you hear that they visited Squire Ruddiman's night before last?"

"No! Did they?" said Dick, with a vacant stare.

"Tied the old gentleman hand and foot, hung his wig on the bean-pole in front of the door, and put the old lady's false teeth into the hominy-pot, cleaned out the money-drawer, carried off the silver spoons, and raised Cain generally! Two of 'em, tall, muscular fellows, with black velvet masks and black robes like executioners."

Aunt Popplethorpe gave a sort of gasp.

"Boys," said she, "are you sure you're not going to town to-night?—Can't you wait until to-morrow?"

"Impossible, aunt," cried Dick, briskly. "We are going on business of the utmost importance; but don't fret, we shan't be long. And we'll leave the dinner bell on the stand, so that you can ring it like mad if any one comes near the house."

"But what good will it do? There's no one to hear it."

"Oh, well, there's some satisfaction in making a noise," said Howard, consolingly. And, in spite of Aunt Popplethorpe's remonstrance, away they went.

Mrs. Popplethorpe was not a nervous woman, but after the story of the masked burglars she felt cold chills run down her spinal column at every creak of the blinds, every rush of the wind through the tree tops.

"If ever I let 'em go off and leave me again," said Aunt Popplethorpe to herself, "it'll be because I can't help myself."

Hush! A grating of the latch—a step on the stairs. A voice hoarse and gruff:

"Where did you say the old party slept? Up stairs? Very good. We'll settle her hash first, and then—"

But Aunt Popplethorpe waited to hear no more. Through the crack of the door she could see two gliding figures in black, masked and grim—and springing to her feet with an alacrity that was truly marvellous, Aunt Popplethorpe wrapped a blanket around her, and flew down the back stairs, out at the door, and across the meadows in the direction of Covington with the speed of a girl of eighteen, never stopping until she had reached the hospitable shelter of Squire Ruddiman's wife.

The squire was smoking his pipe by the easement; Mrs. Ruddiman was knitting.

"Why," cried the squire, "it's Mrs. Popplethorpe, without any shoes or stockings, and rolled up in a bed quilt, like an Egyptian mummy!"

"Nonsense!" cried his wife. "Mrs. Popplethorpe ain't no use of her limbs!"

"She's got it back again, anyhow," said the squire, with a grin. "For here she comes, cuttin' away as lively as a spring cricket."

As he spoke, Aunt Popplethorpe burst into the kitchen, shrieking:

"Masked burglars! Masked burglars! The same that were here night before last!"

Breathlessly she explained. The squire and his wife stared.

"There ain't no burglars here here," said the squire.

"And it's all a pack of lies about the wig and the false teeth!" said Mrs. Ruddiman, bridling.

"How folks will talk!" said the squire.

Just then Howard Mott put his head into the door.

"I've lost my aunt," said he. "I hope the burglars haven't taken her away. Hallo! there she is. Why, Aunt Popplethorpe, how come you here? Dick is hunting up the town crier on your behalf, and—"

"It's no laughing matter, nephew Howard," retorted the old lady, with dignity. "I do declare I thought my heart would burst out of my ribs afore I could get here. With masked burglars on the stairs, and my best gold watch under the pillow—"

"But there's no danger now, Aunt Popplethorpe," said Howard, soothingly. "Just take my arm, and we'll be home in a jiffy."

"I wouldn't set foot in that house again, not for a hundred dollar bill," said Aunt Popplethorpe. "Just send my trunks over, Howard—what the masked burglars have left of 'em—and I'll take the train to New York to-morrow evening."

"Just as you say, aunt," said Howard Mott, inwardly chuckling. "But I don't understand how you recovered the use of your limbs so suddenly."

"Stepped as spry as a girl of sixteen," said Squire Ruddiman.

"You'd step spry, I guess," sputtered Aunt Popplethorpe, "if masked burglars was after you."

Howard went back to where his brother was smoking a cigar by the honey-suckle wreathed porch.

"It's all right, Dick," said he. "We can put our masks back of the kitchen fire now. But I thought I should have betrayed the whole scheme by laughing, when I saw her run down the back stairs wrapped in that old blue blanket."

That was the way in which those two unfeeling nephews got rid of their Aunt Popplethorpe—otherwise, she might have been lying there yet. Dr. Drake was considerably disappointed by losing so good a patient—but nobody else appeared to miss Mrs. Popplethorpe much.

And she never goes to bed now, in Chillicothe, Ohio, without a loaded revolver under her pillow, and a good-sized walking-stick at the head of the bed.

"For I have such a horror of burglars!" said Aunt Popplethorpe. "Particularly those abominable masked ones!"

Jonah's One Sermon.

Jonah was but one man, and he preached but one sermon, and it was but a short sermon as touching the number of words, and yet he turned the whole city, great and small, rich and poor, king and all. We may be preachers here in England, and we preach many long sermons, and yet the people will not repent and convert. This was the first fruit, the effect, and the good that his sermon did, that the whole city, at his preaching, converted, and mended their evil living, and did penance in sackcloth. And yet here in this sermon of Jonah's is no great curiosity, no great clerkliness, no great affectation of words, nor of painted eloquence; it was none other but, "yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed!" It was no more. This was no great curious sermon, a biting sermon; it had a full bite; it was a rough sermon, and a sharp, biting sermon.—Do you not here marvel these Ninevites cast not Jonah into prison? that they did not revile him nor rebuke him? They did not revile him nor rebuke him, but God gave them grace to hear him, and to convert and amend at his preaching. A strange matter, so noble a city to give place to one man's sermon!—Bishop Latimer.

"Since the falling of the foliage from the monarchs of the forest, everything looks dreary," remarked a young New London man to his Jerusalem Jane last Sunday night. She, not fully comprehending his meaning, said: "That's so; now if sausage and buckwheat would come down, I'd be happy."

Ralle Co. Record.

Nothing to Eat.

The snow has been falling slowly and serenely, writes a New York correspondent. It used to make me gleeful and rosy, but it cannot do that any more in this city. I suppose the change is of time upon myself as well as circumstances upon the pond island. No, it is not all because of the individual difference between the now and the then which is within, because to-day, when I opened my door to look up and down the beautiful white street when the glamor of the snow should have made it seem pure and enchanting, I saw nothing that did not make me heavy hearted. I tried to turn my face upward to meet the melting stars that were falling from the gray clouds, just for the sake of that childish habit which clings to the most of us, no matter how severely dignity scorns and tramples upon such petty tricks of simplicity, but the clamor before my vestibule was too sorrowful and imploring for such sentiment.

"For God's sake let me shovel away the snow," said a strong man; "I have a wife and little children, and they are very hungry and very cold."

"My mother can get no work at all; can't I do it, please?" piped a shivering little boy.

"If I only had a shovel or a broom may be you would let me have the job to do," said a low voiced old woman, whose features were not those of one who had spent almost an entire life in struggling for bread.

"Why do come out in the storm?" I asked her.

"Because I must," she said. "Last winter I hoped I might be dead before the winter came again, but when the summer was here, I somewhat liked to live, but I don't want to be here very long, even if I was to be warm. I don't seem to be wanted much anywhere, or perhaps I might get to die and be comfortable," she added, after pausing to reflect between the last sentence and what she had said before. "Come in and get warm," I said to her.

"I don't go to no soup houses, nor to no charity committees, ma'am, and I don't want anything I don't earn, if you please. If you give me the sweeping to do and lend me a broom I might be thankful for the taste of a warm stove, ma'am, for I've been starving with the cold."

Three imploring faces, and but one sidewalk to sweep.

To feed the child, and send a loaf to the other children is not much in this great hungry city, but the humiliating influences of the unearned bread! Who may know but that never a snowflake shall fall again upon either the child's or the man's forehead to melt upon a glow of self-respect."

Never did a Christmas week pass in New York when the rich and the poor were so far apart either in sympathy or circumstances. The shops are filled with the rarest of beautiful things from the geniuses of both the artist and the artisan. Philadelphia has drifted up to New York. The beautiful array of things sent by all the civilized nations of the earth, which could be purchased only at fabulous prices when on exhibition, can be bought at less expense than anything that is beautiful of our own country's handiwork. It is claimed that the merchants in the various parts of the world, notably in China and Japan, France and England, procured duplicates, or close copies of the articles that were rewarded with medals or parchment approvals, and they are now making fortunes out of the late enthusiasm of our citizens. A tiny cup and saucer, daintily painted, and as frail as it is beautiful, was sold at auction for \$70, while the pale faced woman at my door says: "Pray lend me a broom, that I may earn a scanty bit of bread, and respect myself."

An Earnest Life.

Earnestness does not always move with a clatter. Have you never known a man bustling and officious, clamorous and loud, but who did not weigh heavily after all?—that thing very well understood by every one except just the man who might have profited by that piece of information. And have you never known a man quiet, unostentatious and faithful, and who was a perpetual blessing, a man deep-souled and true, whose memory lingered long after he was gone, like light upon the hills after a gorgeous sunset?

The shallow stream rattles along its course; but when it is met and drowned by the majestic tides rolling from the sea, there is silence on the hills. In the great tide there is more than a hundred rivulets, yet its coming is almost as quiet as the celestial forces that bring it. The tide flows down stream, grows shallow, and again the empty chattering goes on. Things most potent, at that; and it strikes me that's just what I do want. A new stock, lock and barrel, that ought to set it up again."

"Why," said the smith, "you had better have a new gun altogether." "Ah," was the reply, "I never thought of that; and it strikes me that's just what I do want. A new stock, lock and barrel, why that's about equal to a new gun, and that's about what I will have."

Just the sort of repairing man's nature requires. The old nature cast aside as a complete wreck and good for nothing, and a new one imparted.

The cause of woman suffrage—Scarcity of husbands.

Renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly.

How They Cured the Tutor.

He was the pink of perfection. If the cream of human excellence was to be churned the butter would lump up in the shape of Professor Porteous Prye, tutor. He had contracted the habit of stealing up stairs in his stocking feet to see if the lights were out at ten. It is hard teaching old dogs new tricks, but boys sometimes succeed better with old professors.

Tommy Tayre is a cadaverous youth, with a sulphur-colored mustache, but the iron had entered his soul, and he said he must do what he could. So he bought three papers of carpet tacks one night, and stood the innocent little nails, business ends up, all the way up and down the stairs and retired with his faithful followers to the wood closet above to await results. Promptly the chapel bell struck ten, then a season of waiting and whispering followed. Presently came a furry, creeping sound like woeen stockings feeling their way over rough boards. Tommy tucked his hat in his mouth—his mouth runs clear around, except a small isthmus which connects the top of his head with the nape of his neck—and held his nose till the first burst of glee had subsided.

Now came a suppressed scream, one foot on the stairs; then another foot down, then a scream that wasn't suppressed; then a howl; he had struck the second stair; then he sat down on the next step, but he got up again, and a groan, with exclamations points after it, came tearing up to the wood closet.

The boys stood back to give Tommy room to kick; then came a scrambling and shouting of heavy words, and distinct mention of the "father of iniquity," and Tom promptly appeared and asked, in a voice fresh from the valley of No. 1, "What seems to be the matter?" "Matter?" "The boys;" "the demons;" "confound it;" "see here;" "help!" and he shifted about and hung to the railing, and tried to stand on his knees.

Tom brought a light and the boys carried the wounded man to his room, and offered sympathy; got a claw hammer and drew out the tacks. The professor wears slippers and sits on a cushion. Tom sits on nettles, for seventeen boys know the secret, and it is spreading like small-pox in an Indian camp.

It was late in the evening when singing was proposed, and to ask him to sing "Annie Laurie" was a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another was sung, and at last that one was named. At its mention the young man grew deadly pale, but did not speak; he seemed instantly to be lost in reverie.

"The name of the girl who treated him so badly was Annie," said a lady, whispering to the new guest—"but, oh! I wish he would sing it; nobody else can do it justice."

"No one dare sing 'Annie Laurie' before you, Charles," said an elderly lady; "would it be too much for me to ask you to favor the company with it?" she asked, timidly.

He did not reply for a moment—his lips quivering a little, and then looking up as if he saw a spiritual presence, he began. Every sound was hushed—it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel. The tones vibrated through nerves and pulse and heart, and made one shiver with the pathos of his feeling; never was heard the melody in a human voice like that—so plaintive, so soulful—so tender and earnest!

He sat with his head bowed back, his eyes half closed—the locks of dark hair glistening against his pale temples, his fine throat swelling with the rich tones, his hands lightly folded before him; and as he sang—

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie Gave me her promise true."

It seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emotion. Many a lip trembled—and there was no jesting, no laughing; but instead, tears in more than one eye.

And on he sang, and on, holding every one in wrapt attention, till he came to the last verse—

"Like dew on the gowan lying Is the fate of her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a word to me!"

He paused before he added—
"And for Bonnie Annie Laurie I'll lay me down to die."

There was a long and solemn pause. The black locks seemed to grow blacker—the white temples whiter—almost imperceptibly the head kept falling back—the eyes were close shut. One glanced at another—all seemed awestruck—till the same person who had urged him to sing, laid her hand gently on his shoulder, saying:

"Charles, Charles!"

Then came a hush—a thrill of horror crept through every frame—the poor tired heart had ceased to beat—Charles, the love betrayed, was dead.

Civil Rights in St. Louis.

Kleitopf, the barber on Olive street says the St. Louis Times has studied the civil rights bill. He was standing in the front part of his barber shop yesterday, when a sprightly dressed darkey switching a cane entered and remarked, "I want to get shaved."

"All right," responded Mr. Kleitopf "have you a cup here?"

"No."

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.
1877.

S. M. REYNOLDS,
COCHRAN SQUARE,
CLOSING OUT PREVIOUS TO AN
ANNUAL STOCK TAKING,
A Large Assortment
OF NEW AND FRESH
NOVELTIES,
FOR FALL AND WINTER.

Dress Goods.
All-Wool Cashmeres and Merinos,
Poplins and Alpaca Lintres,
Worsted Serges, DeBegeres,
Tasmania Twills,
Worsted Plaids and Stripes,
Tokio Colored Mixtures,
in the new shades of Brown, Black, Navy
Blue, Green, Plum and Mode.
The celebrated Princess ALPACAS, which
are the best luster of any make sold, at 25,
31, 37½, 40 cents and upwards.
Beautiful shades of Blue, Brown and Black
waterproof SACKINGS, for Mieses and Children.
WATERPROOF REPELLANTS, — Seal
Brown, Navy Blue and Black Mixed, at lower
prices than ever.

LARGE STOCK OF
Cloths and Cassimeres
Black and Dark Brown Beaver Cloths,
Striped and Plaid Cassimeres,
Mallalieu's Cassimere and Kerseys,
Special Counter for these Goods.

Flannels
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES:
All-wool Flannels, 25, 28, 34, upwards,
Domet Flannels, 15, 20, 25, upwards,
All wool and Domet Shaker Flannels,
Red Twilled Flannels, 25, 28, 31, upwards.
Gray Twilled Flannels, 25; the best ever
fired.
Bleached and Brown Canton Flannels very
cheap.
Opera Flannels in white, blue and red, 40
to 60 cents.

Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's
Merino Underwear,
At Lower Prices than for years past.
A very large stock of these goods.
Ladies' Unbleached and White
Regular-Made Hose,
30 cents. Limited quantity.
Ladies' Striped Hose, 12½ cents.
Misses' Striped Hose, all sizes, 12½ cents.
Gentlemen's English ¾ Hose, 25 cts; cheap.

New Blankets,
WHITE AND GREY,
At 25 per cent. Less than last year.

Boots and Shoes.
The most particular attention is given to
its department. Our stock of Men's and
Boys' HEAVY BOOTS is now full.
PRICES:
Men's, \$2 25 to \$4 25
Boys', 1 25 to 2 75
Our great specialty—Ladies', Misses' and
children's CITY-MADE SHOES, in which we
defy competition.

Carpets and Oil Cloths.
Beautiful Ingrain, Stair, Rag and Hemp
rugs, at 25, 50, 75c and \$1 per yard.
4-4, 5-4, 6-4 Oil Cloths, in New Patterns,
to 75 cents per yard.
Cocoa Mats at all prices.

Window Shading & Fringe
all the New Colors, with Lakes & Knapp's
patent Fixtures to be used without cords.

Housekeeping Goods
AND
Choice Family Groceries,
in full assortment; very cheap.
ANY BARGAINS! DAILY RECEIVING
NEW GOODS!
Business Hours.....5 30 a m to 8 p m
Saturdays, 5 30 a m to 10 30 p m

S. M. REYNOLDS,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

A vertical, high-contrast black and white photograph. The image shows a close-up of a textured surface, possibly a wall or a piece of fabric. The texture is rough and uneven, with various shades of gray and black. On the right side, there is a dark, irregular shape that appears to be a shadow or a hole. The overall composition is abstract and dramatic.

FLORIDA'S GOLDEN FRUIT.

Orange Culture in the Peninsula State—A Short Road to Fortune.

A gentleman who writes from Palatka Fla., to the Atlanta Constitution paints a glowing picture of the orange groves, and thus dilates upon the wealth they contain:

It is hard to say how much an orange grove is worth. Mr. Bishop, president of the Fruit Growers' Association, said, 'I am really afraid to say what I honestly believe an orange grove of 1,000 bearing trees is worth.' 'One thousand bearing trees is a life-long competency for any man,' says Captain Dummit. John Robinson says that an orange grove may be safely purchased on a basis of \$100 per tree—that is \$10,000 for 100 trees, or \$100,000 for a grove of 1,000 trees. J. L. Adams put the lowest estimate at \$50 per tree. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe says that her trees have averaged \$15 per annum for each tree for five years. Mr. Hart, the largest grower in the State, puts the average yield at \$20 per tree. A tree will yield after its fourth year of bearing, 1,000 oranges a year. These oranges can be sold at from 1 1/2 to 3 cts. a piece. A good quality will command as much as 4 cts net—a great deal depending on freight advantages. These trees will bear for fifty years. It is safe to say, then, that a good grove of 1,000 trees is worth anywhere from \$30,000 to \$70,000.

The great question of importance then is, 'How long does it take to establish a grove?' The Sicily oranges, as we all know, produce fruit in fourteen years from the time the seed sprouts, and will bear for seventy years thereafter. The Florida oranges will produce fruit much earlier—in eight years. In other words, a man may plant 1,000 trees this year. In ten years he will have an average yield of 100 to the tree or 100,000 oranges to his grove, with from \$1,500 to \$3,000 on the trees. In five years longer, or in fifteen years from the planting, he will have 500 oranges to the tree, or 500,000 oranges glimmering in the green foliage of his grove, worth from \$7,500 to \$15,000 on the trees. He will thus have by an original outlay of, say \$2,000, in ten years an income of \$2,500 a year, increasing itself to \$10,000 per annum in the next five years. His property will be worth, at a low estimate, \$50,000 to \$80,000.

Colonel Dancy, of Orange Mills, has a grove of sixty trees, eleven years old. He shipped 58,250 oranges, or nearly 1,000 a tree, in the eleventh year. He got 2 1/2 cts. apiece for his oranges, which thus netted him \$1,600 or \$26 a tree. Some of the trees bore 2,500 oranges, netting \$68. Mr. E. M. Graham, of Manatee county, put out 800 trees seven years ago. He sold in the seventh year 7,000 oranges, netting him only one cent apiece, as he is very remote from market and has to wagon his fruit to the steamer. He made \$700 clear in the seventh year. He estimates that his yield in the tenth year will be 25,000, which will yield him \$2,000 net. He says his place cost him in all about \$3,000, and he wouldn't take \$30,000 for it.

Thirty mechanics in a machine shop in Connecticut put in \$100 each, and bought a place in Volusia county of 1,800 acres, and planted out a grove of 1,200 six years ago. They have been offered \$30,000 for the place, which makes their shares of \$100 each worth \$1,000 each. The trees are doing well, and in two years more will yield an annual dividend of more than twice the capital invested, and increasing to four times the amount in five years. Fourteen families of those interested are coming down this winter to build on the tract, and take up their permanent residence there. I might give hundreds of instances to prove that a grove of 500 orange trees, set out from seedlings in seven years produce an income of \$1,000, and in ten years of \$3,000, and be worth from \$25,000 to \$40,000; but there is even a shorter way of coming at this splendid fortune. This is by transforming our oranges into sweet oranges, by planting sweet buds in the body of the sour tree. There are millions of these wild orange trees growing all through Florida.

A man who is in a hurry for an income selects one of these wild groves. Then cutting the tree smooth off about six feet from the ground, he inserts a number of sweet orange buds between the bark and wood of the stump, covering them carefully so that the air cannot get to them. These buds sprout readily, and in three or four years he has a fine grove of sweet orange trees growing on sour orange stumps. These transformed trees are the hardiest and healthiest that can be found. Another short cut to a mature orange grove is to buy young trees and have them transplanted. In any of the leading orange counties a man can buy four-year-old trees at 1 cent a piece, and have them transplanted for 25 cents apiece. These trees will bear in three years from the transplanting, and in five years will produce 1,000 oranges to the tree, worth \$15 to \$25 before they are gathered. This is a favorite method of starting a grove, and creates quite a demand for young trees. There are a great many men who grow seedlings to supply this demand. An acre will produce 1,500 seedlings that in four years will be worth \$1 apiece.

As the profit is so enormous, the labor so light and the reward so certain in orange planting, it may be asked why Florida is not one solid orange grove? I reply that it is very rapidly

becoming so. The number of new trees set out in the past ten years simply incredible. These new trees have hardly begun bearing as yet; when their fruit does come on the world will be astonished at the amazing fertility of our 'American Italy.' Some idea of the extent of the new groves may be had when I call to mind that within a radius of ten miles of Leesburg, in Sumpter county, there are 52,000 trees that will be bearing full fruitage in two or three years. At 800 oranges to the tree, a very low estimate, there will be furnished annually, three years from now, from this half a county, 40,000,000 of oranges. This is but one of a score of similar orange centres. Mr. Bishop authorizes the statement that in the past ten years there have been 900,000 new orange trees set out or wild trees reclaimed in Florida. This will involve an addition to the crop of 160,000,000 of oranges. But the development is now going on faster than ever. It is probable that 40,000 new trees will be set out this year, some say 60,000. There is hardly a planter that I have met who does not know of two or three men who are putting out groves ranging from two hundred to a thousand trees.

Brown's Matrimonial Method.
'Brown, I don't see how it is that your girls all marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry?'

'But what is that principle? I never heard of it before.'

'Well, I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely and built a high rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I dogged them away and put up the fence a few times, but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw. After this had been repeated a few times the cattle determined to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins calling on my girls I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow I like comes around, a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law, I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works first-rate. The young folks begin to pity each other, and the next thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry I always give in and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it.'—*Dubouque Telegraph*

In the midst of a cold, disagreeable storm of sleet and snow in Boston, on Monday, the citizens were startled by a sharp flash of lightning and a deafening crash of thunder, and the phenomena is now the leading subject of discussion among the scientific.

Johnson's definition of 'ineligible' agrees with Governor Grover's: 'Ineligible—That cannot be chosen. He that cannot be admitted cannot be elected; and the votes given to a man ineligible being given in vain, the highest number of an eligible candidate becomes a majority.'

'There have been a variety of compromises suggested,' says the Toledo Blade, 'as applicable to the present emergency, but why has not some brilliant individual suggested that Tilden and Hayes hold the Presidential office year about? That has a precedent in the division of power by the Roman Consuls.'

Spend your money where you make it; buy your goods at home and not abroad; encourage your own mechanics; sustain your home papers; let each be for the other, and all for public improvement. Charity 'begins at home.' Our town first; others afterwards.

A logical witness gave his age as eight and sixty years. 'Why not sixty eight?' 'Because I had my eight years before I did the sixty.'

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which is seldom worth reading.

Said a Spanish boatman: 'I can forgive anything for love, and so, I suppose, can the Almighty.'

Looking to others for our standard of happiness is a sure way to miserable. Our business is with our own heart.

It was an old saying of the Hindu sages: 'The gods have inscribed the destiny of every man on his soul.'—*E. G. Holland*

An insectologist has discovered that the best time to examine the wonderful architecture of the hornet's nest is after the hornets have moved out.

Our notions of life are much the same as they are about traveling—there is a good deal of amusement on the road, but after all, one wants to be at rest.

One of the happiest and most independent of the human occupations is that of an intelligent farmer, whose land is paid for and who keeps out of debt.

Humorous.

A Minister who Couldn't Stand the Test.
A well-known clergyman was passing Lake Erie many years ago upon one of the lake steamers, and, seeing a small lad at the wheel steering the boat, accosted him as follows:
'My son, you appear to be a small boy to steer so large a boat.'
'Yes, sir; but you can see that I can do it, though.'

'Do you think you understand your business, my son?'

'Yes, sir, I think I do.'

'Can you box the compass?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Let me hear you box it.'

Boy boxes the compass.

'Well, really, you can do it! Let me hear you box it backward.'

Boy boxes it backward.

'I declare, my son, you do seem to understand your business.'

The boy now took his turn questioning.

'Pray, sir, what may be your business?'

'I am a minister of the Gospel.'

'Do you understand your business?'

'I think I do, my son.'

'Can you say the Lord's Prayer?'

'Yes.'

'Say it.'

Clergyman repeats the Lord's Prayer.

'Well, really, you do know it! Now say it backward.'

Clergyman says he cannot do it.

'You cannot do it, eh? Now, you see I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours.'

Clergyman acknowledged himself beaten, and retired.

Some young dandies in Atlanta, Ga., were creating a disturbance outside the church door one Sunday night. Old Si came out and said: 'Clar out fum heah, you chattering crows, you.' 'Amen!' said a boy. 'Go on, now! I ain't gwine to hab no foolin' heah; I sot my foot d'wn on dat!' continued Si. 'I heard yer! When yer sot your ole foot down, hit sounds like turnin' ober a dry goods box!' rejoined another boy. 'Yes; an if I come out dar an' fan yo' coat tail wid dis boot, yo'll tink dat you is sot down on de forend end ob de coldes' winter dat we's hab heah since de big snow!' The boys left.

A young Danbury boy proposed to his father that he go a fishing, but the father had other business for him that day.

'Father,' said the young man, 'do you know what Solomon said about boys going fishing?'

'Solomon didn't say anything about it,' replied the parent.

'Yes he did. He said if you spare the rod you spoil the child.'

'I won't spare it,' said the old gentleman, promptly. And he didn't, but the son thinks he got hold of the wrong rod.—*Danbury News*.

His Reason.—The other day some ladies were out visiting. There being a little two year old present, one of the ladies asked him if he would not kiss her. He answered, 'No.'

'What is the reason you will not kiss me?'

'I'm too little to kiss you; papa kisses all the big girls.'

He was permitted to play with his Christmas tree.

SETTING HIM RIGHT.—'I stand,' said a Western stump orator, 'on the broad platform of '68, and palmed me mine arm if I forsake 'em!'

'You stand on nothing of the kind!'

interrupted a little shoe-maker in the crowd; 'you stand in my boots that you have never paid me for, and I want the money.'

Philosopher to sharp boy:—'What are the properties of heat?'

Boy—'The chief property is that it expands bodies while cold contracts them.'

Philosopher—'Very good; give me an example.' Boy—'In Summer, when it is hot, the days are long; in Winter, when it is cold, the days are short.'

Exit philosopher, lost in amazement that so familiar an instance should have so long escaped his own observation.

'Mister, how do you sell sugar, today?'

'Only twenty cents a pound, sir.'

'Can't afford it. I'll drink my coffee without sugar, and kiss my wife for sweetening. Good day, sir.'

'Good day. When you get tired of that kind of sweetening, please call again.'

'I will.'

He called next day.

A few days ago several holes were charged in a drift in a Gold Hill mine. One blast failed to go off.

One of the miners was ordered to go in and see what was the matter. 'No, sir,' he said firmly; 'I was blown up in California once that way, and begob I'd rather lave me work than be kilt agin.'

A BIT OF CONTENTION.—Quill and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. 'I own that you have more brilliancy than I,' said the woman, 'but I have the better judgment.'

'Yes,' said Quill, 'your choice in marrying shows that I was a brute.'

WANTED,
FOR cash buyers, farms in New Castle county. Send descriptive lists to
REYNOLDS & CO.,
852 Market street,
WILMINGTON, DEL.

JOB PRINTING
Of Every Description
NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

Middletown Directory.

CORPORATION OFFICERS.
TOWN COMMISSIONERS—T. E. Hurn, President; Tuos. Massey, Jr., Secretary; J. H. Scowdick, G. W. Wilson, Wm. W. Wilson, Assessors—C. E. Anderson.

TRUSTEES OF THE ACADEMY.
Hon John P. Cochran, Pres.; Henry Davis, Treas.; Samuel Penington, Secretary; James Keady, B. Gibbs, R. T. Cochran, N. Williams, PRINCIPAL OF ACADEMY—T. S. Stevens.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
John A. Reynolds.

TRUSTEES OF THE ACADEMY.
Hon John P. Cochran, Pres.; Henry Davis, Treas.; Samuel Penington, Secretary; James Keady, B. Gibbs, R. T. Cochran, N. Williams, PRINCIPAL OF ACADEMY—T. S. Stevens.

OFFICERS OF CITIZENS' NAT'L BANK.
DIRECTORS—Henry Clayton, B. Gibbs, B. T. Biggs, John A. Reynolds, James Culbertson, E. C. Penington, M. E. Walker, J. B. Cazier, Joseph Riggs.

PRESIDENT—Henry Clayton,
CASHIER—J. R. Hall.
TELLER—John S. Crouch.

DIRECTORS OF TOWN HALL.
J. M. Cox, Pres.; Samuel Penington, Sec.; J. R. Hall, Treas.; R. A. Cochran, Jas. Culbertson, Jas. H. Scowdick, Wm. H. Barr.

CHURCHES.
FOREST PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. John Patton, D. D., Pastor. Divine service every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9 a. m. Lecture on Wednesdays at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School in the Chapel at Armstrong's every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

ST. ANNE'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL—Rev. Wm. C. Butler, Rector. On Sundays—Morning Prayer, 10:30 a. m.; Evening Prayer, 7:30 p. m. Sunday School, 9 a. m. Evening Prayer on Fridays at 5 o'clock.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. L. C. Matlack, D. D., Pastor. Service every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursdays at 7:30 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL—Rev. N. Morris—Pastor. Service every other Sunday at 10:30 p. m., 3 and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 1 p. m.

MASONIC
ADONIAH CHAPTER NO. 6, R. A. M. Meets in Masonic Hall on the second and fourth Fridays at 8 o'clock, p. m.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
DAMON LODGE, NO. 12. Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Lodge room in the Town Hall.

I. O. O. F.
GOOD SAMARITANS LODGE, NO. 9. Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Lodge room in Cochran Hall, No. 2, Cochran Square.

BUILDING AND LOAN.
MIDDLETOWN B. & L. ASSOCIATION—Samuel Penington, Pres.; A. G. Cox, Secretary. Meets on the first Thursday of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF MIDDLETOWN.
Jas. H. Scowdick, Pres.; A. G. Cox, Secretary. Meets on the third Tuesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p. m.

AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.
PENINSULA AGRICULTURAL AND POMOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—Wm. R. Cochran, President and Chairman of Board of Managers; J. B. Naudin, Secretary. Annual Meeting fourth Saturday in January. Next annual fair will be held on October 4th, 5th and 6th, 1876.

DIAMOND STATE BRASS BAND.
Meets for practice every Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

DELAWARE RAILROAD.
Passenger trains going North leave at 7:07 8:23 a. m. and 3:59 p. m.; going South at 10:42 a. m. and 7:34 and 8:52 p. m. Freight trains with passenger car attached, going North, leave at 8:05 p. m.; going South, at 2:40 a. m.

POST OFFICE.
OFFICE HOURS.—Opens at 6:30 a. m. and closes at 9 p. m. every day except Sunday. Mails for the North close at 7:15 a. m. and 3:00 p. m.

Mails for the South close at 10:15 a. m. and 8:30 p. m.

Mails for Warwick, Saxapfuss and Cecilton close at 10:23 a. m.

STAGE LINES.
Stage for Odessa, with U. S. Mail, leaves shortly after arrival of the 10:43 a. m. and 8:52 p. m. mail trains.

Stages for Warwick, Saxapfuss and Cecilton leave shortly after arrival of the 10:43 a. m. train.

ST. ANNE'S SCHOOL,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
for Girls and Young Ladies. Rev. WILLIAM C. BUTLER, Rector.

This School is offered to the parents of this peninsula as a Home, under their own eye and within their reach, where their daughters may receive faithful training in all things that conduce to physical, mental and spiritual growth; as members of the family, of society and, above all, of the Church of God.

The Department of Music, instrumental and vocal, will be in charge of a Graduate and an experienced and successful Teacher in that specialty.

Boys, under ten years of age, received. Address the Rector for circulars. The Fall term begins September 20th, 1876. July 29

TOWNSEND HOUSE,
Opposite Rail Road Depot,
TOWNSEND, DELAWARE

I am prepared to accommodate permanent and transient guests at reasonable rates. The Bar is at all times stocked with the choicest Wines, Liquors, Tobacco and Sarsaparilla.

A fine Livery is also attached to the Hotel, where teams are to be had at reasonable rates.

Come and See Me.
WM. B. HOLLS,
Proprietor.

Closing Out
AT COST.

S. R. ESTES & CO.,
having determined to discontinue the Clothing business in Middletown, will commence on this

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23d, 1876
to close out our entire stock

AT COST.
consisting of a large assortment of

Men's, Youths' and Boys' CLOTHING!

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, &c.

We have marked our Overcoats at prices that will astonish you, and we are determined to close out within 60 days, so now is your time to buy. S. R. ESTES & CO.,
Dec 23—3m Middletown, Del.

JAMES D. ELIASON,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

GRAIN DEALER
AGENT FOR
S. P. TROSS, NEW CASTLE, DEL.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber would call the attention of the public to the large and well-selected

Stock of Goods,
CONSISTING IN PART OF

Dry Goods, Notions,
GROCERIES.

BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS, HARDWARE,

Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware, Earthen and Stone Ware,

FISH, MEATS, &c.
AND EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A

First Class Country Store.
All of which have been selected with care, and will be sold

At Prices in accordance with the times.
GIVE US A CALL BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE

NO CHARGE FOR SHOWING GOODS.

CHAS. TATMAN, Jr.,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Jan 1, 1876—4f

Dry Goods and Groceries.

1876. 1876.

Cheap, Cheaper, Cheapest.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS
Just Received,

AND TO BE SOLD AT VERY REDUCED PRICES FOR CASH.

DRESS GOODS—of nearly all kinds, very cheap.

NOTIONS—Neck Ties, Gloves, Hosiery, Jewelry, and all Fancy Goods, very low.

CLOTHING—Men's and Boys' Ready-made Clothing, fine Dress Suits and common Suits, from \$5 to \$20.

CARPETS—30 pieces of Carpeting, consisting of Cottage, Hemp, Rag, Ingrain, Stair, Venetian and Brussels, at the following prices: 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50 cts. to \$1.50. Also, White and Plaid Matting.

BOOTS & SHOES—Men's fine Boots from \$2.50 to \$5; Men's Gaiters from \$1.75 to \$4; Men's Continental Buckle low cut Shoes from \$2.50 to \$4; Ladies' Slippers, Gaiters and Gaiters from 15 cts. to \$3. All styles of Children's Shoes from 25 cts. to \$1.50.

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES.
GUNS & PISTOLS—Double and Single Cartridge Pistols from \$1 to \$6. Cartridges, &c.

All persons wishing to get the worth of their money will do well to give us a call.

M. L. HARDCASTLE, WITH
S. R. STEPHENS & CO.

IMMENSE STOCK
OF

Dry Goods,
NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS, &c.,

FOR THE

FALL AND WINTER TRADE.

COME LOOK AT IT,
THEN BUY CHEAP

For the Ready Cash.

ELIASON BROS.
Middletown, Del.

Having concluded that large sales and quick returns will not only pay better than having the goods lay on the shelves, but enable us to constantly show a greater variety, we have marked all our

GOODS DOWN,
TO A VERY LOW FIGURE.

We have recently added to our Stock and are prepared to exhibit to the inhabitants of this town and vicinity a magnificent line of

DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,
BOOTS, SHOES,

HATS, CAPS,
NOTIONS,

Etc., etc. We adhere strictly to "Popular Prices," and the popular verdict on our prices is that no goods of the same style and workmanship can be bought anywhere else for the same money.